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The Idler—and the perfumed paint

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NEW LOOK IN THE U.S.S.R.

Last summer I met a Soviet journalist in London who spoke of Moscow's "terrible mistakes" - an astonishing phrase from an orthodox representative of a hitherto infallible church. When I talked about the Communist betrayal of 1939, about members of the Resistance done to death by the Communists, about the idiocy of the purges, and about a foreign policy which had done as much as Dulles to make peace a dirty word, he said "Don't you think you should say all this in Moscow?" I told him that I had reason to believe that I should not get a visa from the Soviet Embassy. My visitor snorted and advised me to ask for a visa in Helsinki and promised that I should have full opportunity of presenting my indictment before an audience of literary men and intellectuals in Moscow.

He was as good as his word. My visit was short but I was able to satisfy myself that Stalin's personal dictatorship had given way to "collective leadership"; that the Communist Party, again in the saddle, was able, as it had been before Stalin destroyed its independence, to discuss policy and that the political police had lost much of its lawless power. There was clearly a new flexibility in the U.S.S.R., far less fear and a dominant desire to avoid war. Never for a moment, of course, has there been any change in the faith that world Communism is the objective and that sooner or later it must triumph.

This visit prepared my mind for much new doctrine enunciated at the twentieth Congress. But I admit I did not expect so forthright a repudiation of Stalinism, or a statement of doctrine that in some respects revises Lenin and Marx. Communism, the Kremlin leaders now explain, must cease to be "scholastic". As Suslov put it, "Addicts of the cult of personality (the new phrase for the personal despotism of Stalin) ascribed the development of Marxist theory to individual personalities only, and relied entirely upon them; all other mortals had allegedly only to study and popularize what these single personalities created". Thus, for instance, the two basic textbooks used in Soviet schools and colleges, sponsored by Stalin, had deliberately distorted facts, misinterpreted Lenin, and interpreted historical events in terms of individual treachery "instead of the changing relations of class forces".

The first great novelty then is to admit fallibility. The second, as Krushchev emphasised, is to restore freedom of discussion and responsibility to party members who must, he said, fully identify themselves with the machinery of government. He emphasised particularly that the secret police apparatus had been dismantled or taken over by the party; criminal prosecutions were now, he said, conducted through official legal channels. It was admitted that at least two party leaders had been unjustly done to death by Stalin, but everyone in the audience must have called to mind the names of many more comrades who had been murdered and some may even have wondered whether they should not get up and stand in reverent memory for a long list of loyal party members from Bukharin to Otto Katz who had been liquidated. Now they were told: "Our party, State and trade union organisations must vigilantly see to it that Soviet laws are observed and must expose everyone who violates Socialist laws and the rights of Soviet citizens". Mikoyan, who added that juridical study had been neglected under Stalin, further complained that the government was not receiving proper help from academic sources. He said there were at least 15 scientific institutions in the U.S. whose job was to study the economy of the Soviet Union, but none in Russia itself!

Russia then is to go back to the dictatorship of the proletariat - which means the rule of the Communist Party, whose rank and file may now, through discussion, have even been able to play some part in the reappraisal of Marx-Leninism at the twentieth Congress. These theoretical changes will need careful study. There appear to be three outstanding changes of doctrine. The first is that war is not inevitable - in spite of Lenin's decisive warning to the opposite effect. Krushchev said: "There are now powerful social and political forces commanding means great enough to prevent the imperialists from unleashing war": He relied, it seemed, on the "magnetic" appeal of Soviet Communism to people all over the world and suggested that even if war came it would destroy capitalism, not civilisation, because the peace-loving people would stop it in time. However the great point is that he no longer believes it to be inevitable. Secondly, "Lenin's thesis of the decay of imperialism should not be accepted in a simplified fashion". Capitalism will not necessarily collapse and wealth has increased, not decreased, in the West. Krushchev pointed out that although the U.S.S.R. is now increasing its output three times as fast as America, production per head in Russia is still lower than in "the leading capitalist countries". Russia should "study all the best that science and techniques yield in the world of capitalism".

A third admission is at least equally important. "Fundamental changes that are now taking place in the world arena" have made it possible for Socialism to be established through parliamentary action in areas where capitalism is relatively weak. How far is this a basic revision of Marx himself - at least as interpreted by Leninism? Does it let in the "reformist" heresy of Social-democrats? Does it mean no more than that a violent revolution is not, according to Communist doctrine, necessary in ex-colonies such as India and will not be necessary, for instance, in colonial countries which should be able to choose Communism when imperialism retreats? Or could this doctrine also mean that, in an industrial country like France, the working classes might through parliament find themselves in a position to exercise power without civil war? Krushchev's further advocacy of popular fronts and his advice to them to seek Socialism by their own methods also seemed to imply that the workers may win their battles for Socialism by means that the Communists have hitherto derided. If this is a true interpretation a further rider of great importance follows: not only must the usual methods of Communism be discarded, but also the conception that Communism as understood in the Soviet Union is the only Socialism. The results of Socialism obtained by parliamentary means may not resemble Soviet Communism.

It is this last admission, that there are many roads to Socialism, which is the most important of all the changes in Communist doctrine. Tito's quarrel with Stalin was one of the most important events of our generation. The Communist leaders now see that Marx gravely underestimated the power of nationalism. Though Stalin theoretically understood its importance - at any rate in Georgia - his policy towards the West succeeded only in uniting the anti-Communist forces.

This restatement of Communist philosophy presents a new challenge to the western world. The meaning of "Communist competition" is clear. It is a resolute effort to persuade the non-committed countries that Communism offers more hope than the West. Krushchev roughly divides the world into the Communist countries; countries in which capitalism is still strong enough to force a violent struggle on the workers; and countries which are not yet committed to either bloc. Different tactics are needed in each country which has not yet attained Socialism. Western Social-democrats, one hopes, will now be able to think out their own policy without the constant preoccupation with a struggle against Communist parties which have hitherto regarded themselves as the servants of an inspired doctrine and a foreign government. Nor is that all. If collective leadership and the supremacy of the party prove really to have been re-established in Moscow, western Socialists may be able once more to engage Communists in dialectical discussion. When Krushchev and Bulganin pay their visit here in April they should be subjected neither to abuse nor to adulation but to severe cross-examination. That is the only way in which the correct interpretation of the new dogma can be established, just as only Soviet practice can prove its sincerity. Everything should be done to show them the harm that doctrinaire Communism has done to British Socialism. They may become aware that the Socialism British workers want will not be that which Communists have built in Russia and that both the ends of Socialism and the methods of attaining it must be conditioned by the fact that we are a country with a great democratic tradition.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

LABOUR'S ECONOMIC DILEMMA

"The sky is black with chickens coming home to roost". So a witty diplomat commented to the League of Nations at the time of the Abyssinian war. The economic clouds which obscure the British scene today can be justly ascribed to a similar cause. Seldom has a Commons motion of censure been more justified than that which last week criticised the government's handling of the economic situation. The opposition front-bench spokesmen - and particularly Mr. Douglas Jay - were able to demonstrate in the most convincing terms that the present stagnation in our export trade and last year's run on our gold reserves were directly occasioned by the policies and electoral tactics of the government.

Nor is that the whole charge. It is by no means certain that even now Mr. Macmillan's remedies will prove effective. This crisis is very similar in its internal effects to those which have preceded it in the post-war years. But it has hit us at a time of year when our trade balance is expected to be relatively favourable; and it is therefore wise to assume that, unless drastic action is taken now, the situation by the autumn will be dangerous. Mr. Macmillan's measures therefore must be judged primarily for their short term effect - especially since it is a reasonable surmise that Mr. Butler's credit squeeze will be fully effective by the end of the year. It is an open secret that opposition inside the Cabinet (mainly from Mr. Butler and Lord Salisbury, who as usual carried the Prime Minister) prevented Mr. Macmillan from reintroducing some of the direct physical controls which he is known to favour. At the same time the Chancellor had to face a revolt of the bankers, who strongly objected to carrying the whole burden of government fiscal policy by themselves, and the fierce resentment of the "little men" of commerce and industry, who feel they have received a very raw deal from a Tory government.

Mr. Macmillan's policy bears the mark of all these pressures. A bank rate of even 5½ per cent is clearly a compromise figure, inadequate for its emergency purpose without the buttress of physical controls; and Tory dogma has refused the physical controls, except in the public sector of the economy. It is probable that this compromise will fail to do its job in purely economic terms; and it is certain that such economies as are made will be largely at the expense of the most socially desirable projects in the field of municipal responsibility, and the most productive investment in the nationalised industries. As Mr. Harold Wilson shrewdly observed, the Government is reacting to the crisis by "selling the seed corn".

So much then for the vote of censure. In parliamentary terms the opposition made its case effectively and justly. But there are other terms in which Labour cannot afford to be complacent. Granted that this is the least necessary and worst handled of all the post-war crises, the fact remains that Britain has been living in a state of chronic unbalance and recurring crisis ever since the end of the war. No government has been very successful at applying any remedies other than first aid; and the reason is that each party is inhibited by politics from applying the economic solutions which its dogma suggests.

The Tory remedy for an inflation caused by excessive consumer demand is a harsh monetary deflation with considerable unemployment. Economically this could be effective; but politically it is at present ruled out (however much individual Tories may desire it) because it is electorally vital for the party to live down its past bad name. The Socialist remedy is a planned economy in which the government takes full responsibility for establishing the social and economic priorities. In the present circumstances productive investment would have to stand at the top of the list, and the community as a whole would have to accept a reduction in the rate of current consumption. This solution also would be economically viable; but the Labour leadership, frightened of the political consequences of a reputation for sterile austerity, have been too timid about facing its electoral consequences. The most significant feature of recent public opinion polls - and last month's by-elections tend to reinforce this view - is that the Labour Party has notably failed to pick up what the Tories have lost. Public opinion is discontented with Sir Anthony Eden and as yet sees no particular reason why it should trust Mr. Gaitskell. This is the measure of the task which confronts the new leaders if they are ever to lead their party to decisive success as Earl Attlee did in 1945.

There is no shortcut solution. The Socialist economic analysis of Britain's problem is the correct one, and it must be presented to the electorate in such a form that it can be accepted. The task is made a little easier by the fact that ordinary workingclass families are, under the impact of a Tory government, beginning at last to realise that the instability of the British economy is rapidly eroding the social gains they made between 1940 and 1950. Moreover austerity, which in one form or another is the only alternative to an old-fashioned deflation, need not be (or seem to be) a purely restrictionist dispensation. Provided it is accompanied by the most vigorous measures to redistribute purchasing power, it can be presented as the only socially acceptable means of increasing the national wealth at the necessary rate.

First, however, Labour must formulate its strategy. A return to Crippsian import cuts within the framework of a bipartisan social policy is inadequate. The Socialist campaign against inflation must be planned on four fronts. First the social priorities must be established: if people are to be asked to struggle and endure for an ideal, they must see the ideal taking shape as the struggle continues. Secondly, all sections of the party must re-examine the concrete problems of imposing a social plan on our present comparatively anarchic economic organisation. Here is one of the most potent arguments for public ownership in industry. Government planning between 1945 and 1951 was less effective - and more resented - than it need have been, because far too much depended on restrictive controls applied to reluctant industrialists and far too little on positive injunctions to nationalised industries. Thirdly, the government axe cannot be allowed to fall so heavily as it has done in the past under both parties on investment and the most important social projects. Defence is the tree which is waiting to be pruned. The opposition has correctly pilloried many of the absurdities in the current White Paper; but its own record is bad. Over the last eight years it has either sponsored or supported policies which have left the country almost bankrupt and almost defenceless: even this week its motion of censure did not really face the fact that a socialist economic plan must be based on drastic defence cuts.

Finally, a whole series of events since the American loan in 1945 has made this country increasingly dependent on a pattern of trade dictated by the U.S. Whole areas of the world are closed to us: convertibility, however distant, is the accepted obligation. It may be arguable how necessary the decisions which committed us to this pattern were when they were taken in the early postwar years. They are now totally out of accord with British interests and, indeed, with an international situation which has changed very considerably from the height of the cold war. A Labour government must refuse to accept U.S. inspired limitations on its right to trade as it can, and must bend every effort to securing new sources of food and raw materials, which can free us from our present dependence on the dollar market. What can be achieved in this direction was shown by the switch in the sources of our food supply which took place during Mr. Strachey's term of office at the Ministry of Food. It was political rather than economic considerations which halted that trend. The need for it now to be resumed is at least as great as it was in 1948.

With these considerations in mind, the Labour Party should not find it an impossible task to match its economic analysis and its political principles with its electoral needs. In the present circumstances courage may be the greatest of all the virtues. And those who are so obsessed with the need to re-think Socialist principles might be better engaged in trying to apply the existing ones to the current situation.

TALKING TURKEY (listed in Contents) has had to be omitted.

LONDON DIARY

Just 25 years ago, in the last week of February, 1931, the "New Statesman" (founded 1913) and "The Nation" (founded after the Liberal victory of 1906) were joined in holy wedlock. It proved to be a marriage of true minds; the old Liberal nonconformist tradition, which Massingham's "Nation" had so splendidly maintained, had been reinforced after 1922 by the new Liberalism of Keynes, Layton and the Yellow Book; it now combined with the "New Statesman" which was already the established organ of the unsentimental Fabianism of the Webbs and Bernard Shaw. Three years later a new element was added when Gerald Barry's "Weekend Review" came to an end and passed on to us some of its special features, including "This England" and Competitions. Thus the paper represented all the main Socialist and Liberal movements of the 'Thirties. It has fought throughout for the civilising causes of our age. (H.W. Nevinson, I recall, wrote splendidly against "hanging" in our second number). It also very greatly contributed - as I know from innumerable letters and conversations - to the success of Labour in 1945. On its literary and artistic side, under the guidance of writers like Raymond Mortimer, Desmond MacCarthy and David Garnett, it was able, because of its lack of inhibitions, to include among its contributors almost every well-known literary figure in this country. Naturally we were planning this week to celebrate our silver wedding, and an issue of the journal, which will tell something of the story of these years can, I hope, be published soon after this miserable printing dispute is over. For the moment, I must save up my stories of Shaw and Wells, of Desmond MacCarthy, Robert Lynd and the rest, and be content with one anecdote about the selection of its Editor.

* * *

One day 25 years ago I had been invited to lunch by Arnold Bennett at the Savoy, of which he was a director. He called it the "Grand Babylon Hotel". He was also a director of the "New Statesman", and the other guests on this occasion were his fellow "New Statesman" directors. I was there to be vetted for my opinions and general presentability as a possible Editor of this journal. It was a difficult occasion for me because I wanted the job very badly, and it was the sort of lunch to distract one's attention from the serious matter in hand. Characteristically Bennett had ordered a lunch to impress. Maybe he was a little nervous - though not as nervous as I! Anyway his stammer seemed to out-run its fame. In between remarks about the food and drink he would drop his jaw suddenly on his shirt-front and confront me with some such question as "What are your...", another prodigious jaw drop,..."your politics?" The pate was really excellent. Cautiously, between mouthfuls, I said: "I should call myself a Socialist". "I should ... hope so", he said, apparently astonished that I should express myself cautiously on so obvious a point. So Bennett was a keen Socialist, was he? Then the waiter brought in a huge fish on a magnificent silver platter, and Bennett's Socialism again fell into the background. "That's the fish from the Lake of Geneva", he commented to the waiter. "Really", said Lees-Smith, trying to show appreciation. "Travel is so fast these days. I suppose they could catch it yesterday and bring it over by the night express". For once (air transport was not so common in those days) I was quick on the uptake. "Oh, no", I said, before Bennett could reply, "I expect it was flown over this morning". "Of ... course", said Bennett, with the most satisfied of jaw drops. And I knew I had got the job.

* * *

I heard an interesting point raised about the much chewed-over problem of Dr. John. Nothing, one thought, remained to be said on the subject. Some regard him as a psychological case, many who have been immersed in secret intelligence work lose their bearings. They get into a state of megalomania, forget whom they are working for, and believe they can get away with anything. When Dr. John disappeared into Eastern Germany it could be supposed that he had changed sides or, perhaps, always been on the other side. Or again, that he had decided that Germany's future lay with the East rather than with the West. Some even thought that he might have been working for both sides. You can juggle with such theories much more elaborately in the case of Dr. John than in the case of Burgess and Maclean. Then the new point was made that all secret workers who are liable, as Dr. John clearly was, to be kidnapped or captured, learn a code phrase that tells their own side that they are "under control" and not really working for the enemy. Now, according to Dr. John, he was drugged and working under control of the Communists until he could escape from Eastern Germany. In any case, it is suggested, the German Minister of the Interior must be in possession of the truth because he knows whether in his broadcasts Dr. John ever did in fact use the code phrase But I don't find this altogether convincing, since it is at least possible that Dr. John's words were not his own; they may have been dictated and then recorded. In that case any additional phrase could have been deleted from the tape. Altogether Dr. John's example should inspire some wonderful "who-dunnits".

* * *

I was looking forward last week to spreading myself about Tom Driberg's biography of Lord Beaverbrook. Unlike other books which owed much to information gathered from sources close to his Lordship, Driberg's biography was not advertised on hoardings and was given the unusual honour of being serialised - Fleet Street says that the "Daily Express" paid £4,000 for the rights - in the Beaverbrook press, in a damaging rather than a welcoming spirit. It was shown in some small personal particulars to be inaccurate - which is strange in view of the fact that Driberg (for many years William Hickey in the "Daily Express") has, in the last few years, been frequently seen at Lord Beaverbrook's dinner parties, at his English mansions as well as in Nassau. The inaccuracies must surely come from sources close to Lord Beaverbrook, and it is straining credulity to suggest that he has not himself had the opportunity of correcting them. Though Driberg has been accused of biting the hand that fed him, my own judgment is that he had taken great pains to get his facts right and had paid full tribute to Beaverbrook's magnetic qualities and whimsical generosity. Presumably the reason why he dislikes the book is that throughout it there runs the theme that he is a rather pathetic failure. Driberg gives a fascinating account, which must surely have come from Lord Beaverbrook himself, of his "conversion" at an early age to the religion of Success, only to discover increasingly as the years went by that money and big circulations do not bring the reality of power or the permanence of friendship. In short, this biography, about which I hope to write much more when there is space to do so, is really a kind of sermon designed to disabuse readers of the illusion of which Lord Birkenhead was the victim when he spoke of the glittering prizes which were still to be won by those who had "sharp swords" - and few scruples. Not all is pure gold that glitters.

* * *

When the authorities decided to exterminate rabbits there were protests even from those who did not see their slow and miserable death. What would follow from so considerable a disturbance in the balance of nature? A recent example is reported from a district in Central Africa where hunters had greatly diminished the number of crocodiles - a loss which would not on the face of it seem a matter for tears. But the result was disconcerting. Edible fish almost disappeared; there were not enough crocodiles to eat the cannibal fish, which were therefore eating the edible fish. So crocodile hunting had to be restricted. Now to return to rabbits. Farmers naturally found that the removal of rabbits, on which the foxes feed, has made it more important to lock the henhouse than the front door at night. But the unexpected development is that the foxes are beginning to eat rats. More than one farmer has told me that in recent months rats have almost disappeared from their farms. The question now is what possible adverse effect would the disappearance of rats have on the balance of nature? The answer appears to be none. Is a rat really an example of a creature which benefits no-one except members of its own tribe - apart from the parasites that feed on it? Even human beings - the greatest enemies of other creatures - can be said to be useful - at least to dogs.

CRITIC

DON'T GO OUT TODAY

"Did I see you in Beirut last month?" Two Texans have met in the bar at the airport in Quayaquil, but there are Texans saying this everywhere in South America where there is oil. There is oil an hour or so's flight down the Peruvian desert. The Americans had a base there during the war and kept an eye on the 20,000 Japanese smallholders in Peru who can make anything grow anywhere but never grow richer because, with the regularity of ritual, they drink the profits. The Chinese, brought in at the time of the great earthquake, soberly keep the grocer's shops. Wherever there is oil, international currency troubles dwindle. With Venezuela far in the lead, Colombia and Peru are the solvent South American republics. There is rubber - stolen from Ecuador - tea in the narrow gorges of the Andes, there is cotton and wool and there are mines. There is sugar. One estate is as large as Belgium.

Peru, in a word, is rich. Next door, Bolivia and Chile are on the rocks. Yet, if the boom drops and inflation is a snare, none of these countries is ruined. They are all rich, their resources are hardly touched, they can support themselves on some sort of level. The Indians can be no more wretched than they are; they are habituated to either the primitive or the feudal life. The real sufferers would be the slowly emerging poor middle class, the men with three jobs who live in the new "working class" flats, who go to the excellent new schools and universities and use the hospitals and libraries of Lima. It is they, mestizos many of them, who are quietly changing the country.

It is one of the South American jokes to say that the continent has a great future. The Peruvian can say that from a solid present. Yet he speaks from the most feudal, the most tradition-bound of the Spanish colonial societies. Chileans, Argentines, Brazilians regard him as a picturesque and absurdly rigid historical anomaly in the continent. For them, he is the Spaniard of 1800. They think of the silver and scarlet of the guards outside the President's splendacious marble palace; they think of the "forty families" of fabulous wealth who own and rule the country; they think of their set and incurious Spanish exclusiveness, their stiffness, their total, patriarchal intolerance of social change.

Most South Americans of one state complain of the standoffishness of South Americans of other states, but Peruvians, and especially the rich, are famous for their insulation. They have the viceregal inheritance. They have purely Spanish towns.

The beauty of Peru is fabulous. One flies over more than a thousand miles of desert to Lima and the desert goes on into Chile afterwards, a flat narrow strip, from which the dark mountains abruptly rise. The foothills, honied by the sun, soon became sharp brown ranges that buttress the elephant grey cordillera and its unending caravan of snow-tented peaks floating in the clear air. The Humboldt current cools the coast and no rain falls in this region. In Lima no rain falls at all. But the tropical trees are rich, the florepondia swings its branches of swooning white bells, the banana flower hangs with obscene candour, the gardens and windows are filled with flowers. They grew in the heavy falling dew that, at five in the morning or through the night, faintly damps the pavements of the city. A glum cloud hangs over Lima for some hours of nearly every day, giving to its commercial streets something Londonish and indeed some Englishman has supplanted Coca-cola there by a concoction called Inca-Cola. The glum, jaunty commercial joke is quite fittingly British.

Up in the mountains one will see the llamas. One will see as well the Indians in their markets, stupefied by coca leaf, drunk on chica or aguardiente. They stand in the misery of their shacks. The women hump their enormous loads. In the narrow valleys of the Andes one sees their strips of cultivation. The roads and railways are few and short, though the Peruvians are notable roadbuilders in the Continent. A large but scattered population stagnates in the interior and lives in the haciendas in a condition close to slavery. In Lima this is discussed with caution and fantasy. The people are dazed by the violent transitions from the primitive to the 20th century. It is the conservative editor, the supporter of General Odria who has suppressed the Apristas or people's party, who will talk with dismay of the great wealth of the feudal landowners and murmur of estates where the owner has still the right of life and death over his peones.

I found that one could get a particularly striking glimpse of the rich families at parties in Lima or at some fashionable tea. The clothes of the beautiful women come from Dior or Fath - who are kept going by South America - and they wear beautiful jewellery. But one never hears of these rich families buying works of art, leaving fortunes to Foundations, or even wildly enjoying themselves. They gamble. They buy yachts and houses in France in a gloomy way. The wildest thing they occasionally do is to produce a revolutionary leader like Haya de la Torre. Their real passion - and it is the Spanish one - is for the power politics, the eternal manoeuvres of family life. The stress on the sacredness of the family in religious utterances is not purely religious; it is also the political idea of a colonial society which still looks on itself in terms of family power.

The left-wing writer who claims that the intellectuals are now all left wing, that Apra, though suppressed, is very much alive and will "rise against American imperialism and free the Indian," will suddenly frown and say, "but everything is very complicated. It is impossible for a foreigner to understand our politics." He is thinking of the two kinds of family power in the country: the family that owns whole provinces, and the family power of the bosses and personalities within the parties.

In one sense at least the situation has affinities with politics in the United States - that is to say, it has little relation to anything European in origin - but exists in circumstances which must resemble those of England in the time of the barons. In saying this, one has again to note that the general who rules on behalf of the colonial aristocracy is not an aristocrat. He is a mestizo and proud of the fact. In this, though he stomachs no liberal or progressive policy, and holds his own because of the modern arms Peru acquired in the second World War, he inevitably represents change. There are still political prisoners on San Lorenzo but he has become moderate. In all these countries that are in the building and exploiting stage, it is the intellectuals who suffer and the masses who remain outside the pale.

Old Lima of the single-storey houses with the high doors that go to the eaves, the painted verandahs, the grille and the courtyard roofed by mats against the sun, is being pulled down. A new city of avenues and lipsticked with neon lights, sometimes handsome, often pretty, but inevitably impersonal, with merciless open spaces, is replacing it. The displaced population crowds the slum under the Vesuvius-like mountain beyond the bull ring. (Peru and Venezuela alone in South America maintain the bull fight and the scene in Lima is as rich as that of Seville.)

When I was there, there was a sudden mass migration to the desert outside. In this warm, rainless climate one can live out of doors all the year; and a few poles and palm-matting will give a family the two walls which is all they need. The desert migrants forced the city to bring them water. They were not all Lima people. The population increases because the Indians are leaving the estates in the interior and are escaping into the towns where the wealth is.

And not only wealth; a poor boy can get to school and the university. Peru has merely been slower than the other republics in moving with the times, because the Andes have locked it off, because the wealth has for a long time been locked in family safes, because the Humboldt current has given the coast a lazy climate, because it faces the Pacific and is far away. I was ill in Lima and the maid said, "Don't go out today. There is a cloud in the sky." A wise remark in that strange hot-cold climate; but so timeless, so deeply Spanish.

V.S. PRITCHETT

BOOKS IN GENERAL REASSESSMENTS

GALSWORTHY'S "FORSYTE SAGA"

In 1901 when "The Man of Property" was published the split between the "serious" and the "middlebrow" novel, which had begun perhaps with Meredith, was, though ever widening, not yet generally recognised. In 1920 when "In Chancery" appeared Galsworthy seemed irrevocably marked off among the goats. D.H. Lawrence in his famous essay published in 1928 characteristically preserved his distance from Joyce and Mrs. Woolf by treating Galsworthy's claims with most un-Bloomsbury like seriousness, but it was, of course, only in order to damn him the more effectually. Only perhaps the more stuffy of academic critics and, of course, foreign professors and students have continued to place "The Forsyte Saga" in the great tradition. For the rest Galsworthy's readers were the many and, if serialization on BBC programmes is any criterion, it must be supposed that many of the many still read him.

The great split is viewed more equivocally by novelists today. Experiment in novel-writing no longer has freshness. Narrative, plot and the traditional socially set characters, which to an earlier generation seemed so many strangling knots, now offer promise of a lost solidity and vigour. Dickens under analysis has revealed strange depths beneath his popular form. George Eliot, that miraculous harmoniser of sales and seriousness, has been rediscovered. As a result, entertainment is no longer regarded as the mark of the beast. The younger generation, who find a fresh charm in calling their elders "Sir", lent an attentive ear to Mrs. Woolf's old bogey-bore Arnold Bennett when his novels poured forth in Penguin form two years ago.

For myself, on re-reading them, Bennett, for all his technical brilliance, seemed to me to "mutter mumblingly and low as though his mouth were full of dough". What of Galsworthy? I first read "The Forsyte Saga" at the age of fifteen with great respect and pleasure. I re-read it in my late twenties with less respect but still great pleasure. I must confess that I re-read it last week with no respect and precious little pleasure.

The immediate and most striking defect of "The Forsyte Saga" is its complete failure in conflict. Conventional middle-class readers have always found satisfaction in the gradual shift of Galsworthy's sympathies towards the sound values represented by Soames Forsyte. Even D.H. Lawrence who, with his brilliant analytical powers, at once saw that the "higher values" represented by Irene and Young Jolyon were entirely hollow, yet seems to have regarded "The Man of Property" as promising some satirical attack upon middle-class values which was never fulfilled. I can find no evidence of this. From the very first chapter with its heavy conventional ironic writing - feeble descendant of the early Dickensian manner - the theme hangs slack, without tension. "When a Forsyte died - but no Forsyte has as yet died, death being contrary to their principles, they took precautions against it" - this is the language of "Martin Chuzzlewit", not even of "Our Mutual Friend", and it came seventy years too late. There is no moment, I think, at which Galsworthy does not pull his punches against the Forsytes from the very start. And against them he sets Bosinney and Irene who are virtually nothing. This, of course, is increasingly evident as we look back from half a century. Reading "Howards End" today, we find it difficult to differentiate the dividend-reposing cultural romanticism of the Schlegels from the world of the Wilcoxes. Yet, set beside Young Jolyon and Irene, the Schlegels seem almost the guardians of eternal values. As D.H. Lawrence saw so clearly, Irene, the symbol of beauty, emerges by the end of "To Let" as such an embodiment of "the bitch" that one is led to speculate whether Galsworthy, with cynical regard for sales, has not covertly directed his satire against the values of his readers. The speculation, however, is too subtle. He is clearly at one with his readers - on the side of soundness and dividends and Soames with a nice sense of beauty and whimsy and lovely Lutyens houses and Young Jolyon in the offing.

Lawrence, in fact, with his religious reverence for sexual seriousness, does Galsworthy too much honour. Of course, it is patent that the conflict between Soames and Irene, between property and passion, lacks reality because the sexual truth of passion is just not there. But the transcendent values which Irene and Bosinney are supposed to oppose to Forsytism are not only to be sought in passion. The forcing of Irene's bedroom look, so daring in 1906, has been allowed to dominate the scene too long. The more important symbol is surely the house at Robin Hill, creation of the passion of Bosinney and Irene, gracious home of Irene and Young Jolyon. It is here that Swithin sees Bosinney "slobbering on" Irene's handkerchief (it is noteworthy as a comment on the unreality of that passion that we see it only through the eyes of Swithin and Monty Dartie). But Robin Hill is not only the citadel of romantic, illicit passion, it is a tribute to Taste, Charm, Ease of Living, Tolerance, Humour and Warm Affection. For there, as much as the sexual passion, that Lawrence notes as deficient, are the values which Galsworthy purports to be setting up against the dead world of the Forsytes.

That Robin Hill itself is a ghastly building is perhaps not to be unduly stressed. Aesthetic symbols in novels from "The Marble Faun" through "The Golden Bowl" and onwards are notoriously dubious. If Galsworthy liked a glass-roofed inner courtyard with galleries and iris pools, we can only wonder at yesterday's taste; but we do not have to read much of Irene's interior decorations or Young Jolyon's water-colours to suspect that Taste and Charm are indissolubly wedded together in Galsworthy's positive values. As the gracious life proceeds at Robin Hill we cannot be surprised that it ends in the utterly selfish refusal of Irene and Young Jolyon as possessive Mum and good pal Dad to allow the nebulous Jon to marry Fleur. The Tolerance, Warmth and Humour of Robin Hill end in such selfishness and - in Whimsy. "What exactly is beauty, Mum?" asks little Jon, and Irene replies, "What exactly is - oh, Jon, that's a poser". Self-conscious and tight-lipped, Young Jolyon's side, the Romantic side, differs in no degree from the Forsytes in their intellectual or emotional expression except by the spurious youthful charm that they cast around their incoherence. For the intellectual life of Robin Hill in the Twenties we get this: "Nothing's the god of today, we're back where the Russians were sixty years ago, when they started Nihilism." "No, Dad," cried Jon suddenly, "we only want to live, and we don't know how, because of the past - that's all!" "By George," said Jolyon, "that's profound, Jon, is it your own?" After the orgies of Galsworthy's Romantics, we turn with relief to the Wrong Forsytes, to fashionable Winifred whose incoherent "Monty, you're the limit" at the crisis of her life has a certain note of sincerity.

Shall we then re-assess Galsworthy by seeing him as the half-conscious poet of property? To some extent this is clearly the case, though if Soames and James are more likeable than Young Jolyon and Irene, it is only as the Carpenter was nicer than the Walrus by pretending less. Nevertheless, it is only in the portraits of James and Swithin and the aunts that the solidity we hope for is conveyed. To this extent "The Man of Property" is better than its two successors, and "In Chancery" better than "To Let" because of Winifred and Monty. Galsworthy, in fact, succeeds really in his minor characters. Even they, however, share the quality that ruins Soames as a fictional creation. An examination of Soames shows that a large part of his personality is built up out of interior monologues, reflections on the changing ways of England - a sort of maundering "Cavalcade" that grows and swells the narrative of "The Forsyte Saga" out of all shape. It is this formal failure which finally condemns Galsworthy, for it reveals alike his lack of values and the cold heart beneath his sentimentalism. In "The Man of Property" we have a quartet of Soames, Irene, June and Bosinney - yet Galsworthy's imaginative sympathy never really encompasses June. And so it is in the later books that Annette and Jon, essential corners of the formal shape, are thrown to the wolves without mercy, are never even realized as human beings. It is a dead cosy world through which an icy wind whistles, and however we may criticize Mrs. Woolf's generation, we must respect them for their shunning of it.

ANGUS WILSON

TO A DEAD POET

I asked the river-god a song
Wherewith to mourn your fallen head.
No answer: but a low wind crept
About the stones of his dry bed.

The fingers of insomnia
Turning the pages of self-hate
Are like the incurious wind that stirred
the papery reeds on that estate.

In other days I knew the god
Who flashed and chuckled in the sun.
Where has he taken now his moods
Of shadow and his sense of fun?

The requiem I might have had
From him you would have understood;
Just as you also understood
How hard a thing it is, though good,

To hold your peace and wait your time
When there is nothing to be said.
I know it now; I knew you both
But he is gone, and you are dead.

Even the wind has stopped; no sound
In this dull air is born to live;
So I my desperate silences
To you my friend and poet give.

JAMES REEVES

THE BRITISH SOLOMON

"James VI and I." By David Harris Willson. Cape. 30s.

In 1603, suddenly, out of a Scotch mist, James I appeared in England. What a triumph it was - surely the greatest of all the boasted triumphs of the British Solomon. Ever since he could remember, he had been scheming for this day. To obtain the throne of England, to escape from the dangers, the poverty, the humiliations of being a mere King of Scots, there was no indignity which he had not swallowed, no sacrifice which he had not made of consistency, honesty or self-respect. Rather than risk the ill-will of Queen Elizabeth he had allowed his own mother to drift to her doom, only remarking, somewhat callously, that she must drink the ale she had brewed. He had hawked his spiritual and political allegiance to all and sundry, Pope and Kirk, Prince and rebel, until a disillusioned Jesuit declared that the King of Scotland would accept the crown of England from the Devil himself. And this career of dissimulation had begun very early. At the age of sixteen, "that false Scotch urchin", as Queen Elizabeth called him, had boasted that he could outdo any Scots politician in "inconstancy, perjury and falsehood"; and the Scots politicians admitted the truth of his remark: he was, they said, "the greatest dissembler that ever was heard of for his years". Now, twenty years later, his hopes were fulfilled. James VI had become James I. No wonder he was overjoyed. He was, said the Englishman who brought him the good news, "like a poor man wandering about forty years in a wilderness and barren soil and now arrived at the Land of Promise".

What does a man do when at last he finds himself in the Promised Land? Does he at once gird himself to tackle new problems? Alas no: on this subject the Old Testament is only too explicit. One goes a-whoring after strange gods, consorts with Sons of Belial, hangs about the fleshpots, deviates from the way of the Lord and practises nameless abominations under every green tree and upon every high hill. To us in England the reign of James I is one of our greatest ages, the age of Shakespeare and Donne, Raleigh and Bacon and the Authorized Version of the Bible. It is also the formative age of the English Church and English Puritanism: in it Bancroft and Andrewes worked, the Pilgrim Fathers sailed and the Great Rebellion was inspired. But what was all this to King James? He had arrived; he was already "an old king" who needed no new lessons; did he not know intimately the mind of God, the habits of the Devil, the prerogative of Princes, and "the history of all states and nations"? To him England was but a new and more comfortable field in which the royal learning could be displayed, the royal tastes gratified, the royal favourites rewarded without those tiresome Scottish restrictions of tyrannical pedagogues, turbulent noblemen and an empty treasury. No doubt he had his virtues. He was a genial, liberal, tolerant bonhomme, fond of peace, knowledgeable about witches, and with a rude Scots wit. But his complacency was fatal. It insulated him from the new country which he did not seek to understand. And so it was in his reign that the Court - that coarse, prurient, lavish, drunk and disorderly court which so shocked men used to the majestic kaleidoscopic formality of Queen Elizabeth - became, and remained throughout the century, separate, sometimes fatally separate, from the country.

Consequently the Life and the Times of King James are separate studies, and it was a good idea of Professor Willson to write not a history but a biography and thus to connect the English with the Scottish reign of King James. In this instance biography unites and explains what historians have too often divided. Professor Willson is already well-known to historians for his work on Jacobean Parliaments. He writes with perfect scholarship and his style is enriched by sense and wit. I have read his book with pleasure and admiration. How refreshing (for instance) to find a book which does justice to the statesmanship of Sir Robert Cecil whom historians have recently conspired to decry, but whose policy, I believe, can be shown to have been consistently enlightened! How pleasant to be led through the prickly theological labyrinths of the time with such untheological civility! And then he is not too censorious either. The Puritans were very sharp against King James's court with its expense, its gross eating and drinking, its parasitic army of "bawds and catamites." No doubt it was all very reprehensible. But there is something irresistibly engaging about this royal figure-of-fun, this craven omniscient pedant, this ludicrous and transparent time-server, who, unlike most of his dynasty, actually acquired instead of losing a throne and died peacefully in possession of it. Among kings we expect to find an occasional Don Quixote; but King James is our Sancho Panza: a Sancho Panza who, after being tossed in a blanket for nearly forty years by the Scottish aristocracy, ultimately became, for another twenty-two years, governor of his Island.

H.R. TREVOR-ROPER

THE DEBATE CONTINUES

"A Life for a Life?" By Sir Ernest Gowers. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.
"Capital Punishment as a Deterrent: and the Alternative." By Gerald Gardiner. Gollancz. 6s.

It is more than a century since anyone wrote a book in support of the death penalty, though there is no shortage of memoirs by judges, policemen, and hangmen who remark, as they go along, that it is a Good Thing. But it is because, on the other hand, there are so many books by abolitionists that I can never begin reading one of theirs without a feeling of despair. It can only be the mixture as before - the case for the death penalty, set up as a cock-shy, will be slanted rather than stated; the case against it, unanswered because unanswerable and yet withered and blunted by time and use, will have the same sad quality as the Hyde Park speaker with the frightening text to whom no-one ever listens.

These two books break new ground. The declared purpose of Sir Ernest Gowers is to summarise the facts and arguments about capital punishment as they were presented to the Royal Commission of which he was Chairman. Much of this material, through not strictly relevant to the questions that restricted the Gowers Commission, has an important bearing on the question of abolition; but, buried as it is among the voluminous and expensive Minutes of Evidence, it is not accessible to the ordinary man. This book would for that alone be

valuable enough, because few people will ever read through the entire Minutes of Evidence; but fortunately Sir Ernest goes beyond the terms of reference he has laid down for himself, and lets fall a good many comments which not even his modest demeanour can deprive of their unique authority. On "jury discretion", for instance, the proposal that was so universally condemned and which drew from the Lord Chief Justice a promise that he would resign if it got through, Sir Ernest says that although it is clearly dead the Home Secretary exaggerated when he called it "unworkable" - it works well enough in other countries. On the rather extravagant reverence always accorded to the words of Sir Alexander Paterson (whose prestige, he nevertheless reminds us, was "deservedly immense") he recalls that Paterson set little store by the experience of foreigners, because "you would not argue from the acceptance of compulsory military service in France that it would be tolerated in this country." He does not need to do more about the Bishops and Judges than report salient passages from their speeches "dead pan", but he does it very dead pan indeed, with all the factual errors intact; and to study this part of his book, on one's road to the discovery that Article 37 of the Thirty Nine Articles shows why the Church recognises hanging as permissible, is to go nearly sick at the inhumanity of moral logic.

Neither of these books betrays any such feeling. Sir Ernest Gowers began his four-year chairmanship of the Royal Commission as a man "probably in favour of the death penalty". At the end of this book he is able to explain quietly why all the facts and arguments, rational and emotional, led him to the conclusion that capital punishment for murder ought to be abolished. In the long abolitionist campaign begun in 1820 by Samuel Romilly, Sir Ernest's declaration will always be recognised as one of the great milestones.

Samuel Romilly begins and ends, also, the perfectly argued and timely book in which Mr. Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., has set out in response to many requests his belief that:

> "one requires some justification before deliberately killing people and that, while I dare say there are a good many things to be said against capital punishment, the real point is that there is nothing whatever to be said <u>for</u> it."

It would be inexcusable, says Mr. Gardiner, to criticise an argument unless that argument is first stated both efficiently and fairly. In Part I of his book he therefore states the rational case for capital punishment with an almost disquieting efficiency and a fairness that seem to reflect the long years in which he has sat in Court, listening intently and apparently unmoved to the heresies of forensic opponents. Then he shoots it all down, with consummate ease and at great speed, pausing here and there for little summaries:

> "The only way to stop verdicts of manslaughter which should be murder, to stop juries sending sane men to Broadmoor, and to increase the conviction rate to the level which the facts justify, is to abolish capital punishment."

In Part II he states the emotional case for capital punishment, and does it with sympathy and with a scrupulous regard for the fact that truth may sometimes be accessible to the spirit when the utilitarian road has seemed to lead nowhere. I should have thought that the destruction of this was the more formidable of his tasks, but he seems to find it rather easier. At the end, as at the beginning, he reflects that "capital punishment", a convenient phrase, "still means that about once a month they take some man, woman, or youth out of a cell and kill him on a gallows."

The importance of these two distinguished books is hardly diminished by the recent vote in the House of Commons. But having re-read, in one or other of them, all the familiar jeremiads about what abolition is going to mean, I can now see what Bentham must have had in mind when he sat down to compose what Leslie Stephen called "The Noodle's Oration":

> "What would our ancestors say to this, Sir? How does this measure tally with their institutions? How does it agree with their experience? Are we to put the wisdom of yesterday in competition with the wisdom of centuries? (Hear, hear.) Is beardless youth to show no respect for the decisions of mature age? (Loud cries of Hear! Hear!) If this measure is right, could it have escaped the wisdom of those Saxon progenitors to whom we are indebted for so many of our political institutions? Would the Dane have passed it over? Would the Norman have rejected it? Would ....."

Over now to the House of Lords.

C.H. ROLPH

BOOM IN RELIGION

"Protestant - Catholic - Jew: an Essay in American Religious Sociology." By Will Herberg. Doubleday (New York). $4.00.

Religion certainly seems to be booming in America. "Our people", declared the Methodist bishops in 1954, "are attending public worship in larger numbers than we have ever known ..... New churches are being enterprised in every area of America ..... Giving has reached an all-time high". Other church-leaders report the same. Religion has today in America an intellectual and social appeal which a generation ago it seemed to have lost. How did it happen? Mr. Herberg, following Oscar Handlin and H. Richard Niebuhr, says that it came from the virtual ending of immigration in 1924. By then the third generation from the nineteenth century influx was dominant. According to Hanson's Law, "what the son wishes to forget, the grandson wishes to remember". But he cannot remember his grandfather's language or ethnic differences, which would make him un-American; so he clings to his grandfather's religion. This enables him to locate himself in a plural society, and have a "brand name". For historical reasons religious pluralism is natural in America: people accept the co-existence of several churches of equal status, and a good citizen will belong to one or other of them, but it does not matter which.

The so-called "melting pot" of America has not resulted in a synthesis of all the nationalities and faiths of the immigrants. Instead, all have grown towards the middle-class Anglo-Saxon ideal, in three main versions: Protestant (68 per cent), Catholic (23 per cent), Jewish (4 per cent), only 5 per cent expressing "no preference". Though the three groups remain socially separate, all uphold "the American Way of Life", with its characteristic virtues of democratic equality and optimistic idealism. "To be a Protestant, a Catholic or a Jew are today the alternative ways of being an American". The craving to "belong", says Mr. Herberg, is probably stronger today in America than it has ever been. Men and women feel insecure amid declining faiths and international crises. Religion seems to offer the best defence against inner uncertainty, and a stiffener of national morale against Communism. Americans in the nineteenth century moved from a mood of "tradition-direction" to one of "inner-direction"; now they are subjecting themselves to "other-direction", i.e. they wish to merge in the social group.

Mr. Herberg examines the inner structure of the three versions of Americanism. Protestantism is split into many churches, partly corresponding to social strata. Catholicism is dominated by the Irish. The Jews tend to be neither Orthodox nor Reformed, but moderately traditional, and more of them are alienated from religion than in the other two groups. Negroes and Orientals present a special problem. All take religion seriously, yet it is somehow secularised, concerned more with social adjustment than with the great issues of Jewish-Christian faith. It is important to "believe", i.e. to have a positive, optimistic attitude to life, but not to believe anything in particular. The author complains of "a religiousness without religion, ... with almost any kind of content or none, a way of sociability or 'belonging', rather than a way of reorienting life to God".

This is certainly a strong indictment, though Mr. Herberg hastens to say that there are no doubt factors which sociology cannot explain. He notes that deeper stirrings are evident in some American theologians and in some of the more

sensitive young people. His own theology is of the modern neo-orthodox type, which (I would respectfully suggest) is inclined to be censorious. He nowhere considers the possibility that, in spite of all the defects which he sees, something new may be emerging in America. Pragmatic idealism may be the genuine twentieth century American mould of the ancient Jewish-Christian tradition. Popular religion inevitably has all the usual faults, but at its core there may be something real.

H.L. SHORT

ENCOMIASTICK CRITICISM

"Predilections". By Marianne Moore. Faber. 18s.

Miss Moore, in the first of the scrappy tessellations of quotations which make up this book, applauds for its precision Johnson's word "encomiastick", applied to Dryden's account of Shakespeare - "a perpetual model of encomiastick criticism." And plainly, if these writings of hers are criticism at all, "encomiastick" is what they are. Like Mr. Randall Jarrell, though more quietly, Miss Moore as critic is one of the cheer-leaders of literature, hooraying here for Eliot and Pound and Stevens, Auden and W.C. Williams and Cummings and Louise Bogan, Bacon and Cocteau and Sir George Sitwell on gardens. Some of these pieces are very slight indeed, reprinted short reviews which bear re-reading no better than such things usually do. I don't think Miss Moore will succeed where Mr. Jarrell failed - in getting an English public for Dr. Williams. (The discrepancy between American and British estimates of him is getting embarrassing.) And the section on Auden is also disappointing, being concerned with Auden as moralist and betraying a little of the conscientious concern about large issues which ruined some of Miss Moore's poetry written during the war. On the other hand, some adroitly placed quotations (this is Miss Moore's one weapon - "Yes, but just listen to this bit") make me want to go back to Cummings and forward to Miss Bogan. And the Wallace Stevens sections are also persuasive, the best things in the book.

It ought to go without saying, but it doesn't - least of all in donnish circles here - that Miss Moore is a very good poet indeed. And what she writes here is poetic prose, nothing De La Mare-ish, but prose very like her own poetry. As such it is as undigestible as poetic prose notoriously is. The logical gaps between one image and the next in her poetry correspond to the gaps between one quotation and the next in her prose; and the effect there is no longer charming, the inconsequence is no longer just an effect but looks like the fact. Of course, in this magpie's nest some of the debris is very bright in itself - for instance, the beat of the orchestral conductor, illustrating how in poetry passion and precision go together.

> "It begins far back of the beat, so that you don't see when the down-beat comes. To have started such a long distance ahead makes it possible to be exact. Whereas you can't be exact by being restrained."

This, in its context, with its application to poetry, acts like poetic metaphor, an analogy with the force of conclusive proof. And it's one of the magpie-thefts; for I'm quoting, not Miss Moore, but Miss Moore quoting. (It's this perpetual ducking in and out of quotation marks which accounts, presumably, for an interesting feature of this volume - an errata-slip of splendid dimensions.) When, infrequently, Miss Moore speaks out of inverted commas, what we get may be as bright as the best epigrams - as when justifying the coarseness of orchestration in Wallace Stevens : "Reverie is not a diplomatic occasion in Liberia." But she can also sink so far as to say of Pound's "Cantos", "Unprudery is overemphasized and secularity persists." And I'm still puzzling over a similarly devious image of Auden as "a publisher's emissary insistently offered at luncheon a dish of efts."

Good luck to anyone who thinks he can't afford to miss such audacious preciosity in using the English language. But it reads better in excerpts than in bulk; and though this is one of the most original books we shall see this season, still as a devout admirer of Marianne Moore the poet, I should have preferred it less encomiastick and more judicious, just as generous but more astringent - above all, less mannered. For after all, when you ask the reader to allow for your idiosyncrasies, he's going to start allowing for your generosity too.

DONALD DAVIE

CRIMEAN CROUCHBACK

"Henry Clifford V.C.: His Letters and Sketches from the Crimea." Michael Joseph. 42s.

The centenary of the Crimean War has seen no serious reappraisal of that curious campaign, so laboriously and inefficiently fought by an eighteenth-century army of aristocrats and mercenaries under the angry and critical eyes of the nineteenth-century middle class. But it has sent the descendants of Crimean officers scurrying to turn out their drawers, and resulted in the hopeful publication of a few volumes of war letters, greatly varying in value. Nothing, however, has appeared comparable in size or interest - or, one may maliciously add, in price - to this collection of letters and water-colours which Mr. Cuthbert Fitzherbert has excavated from his family records and set most sumptuously before us. It deserves a much wider public than its lavish production makes possible.

Clifford represented a new class in military affairs, though one which has been made almost too familiar to us by Mr. Evelyn Waugh. He sprang from the old Catholic gentry, the great cousinage of Arundells, Stourtons, Welds and Blounts who had been excluded from public service for 150 years and who only since 1829 had been allowed to hold commissions. One can discern in him all the Crouchback qualities: the wide cultural background, the neophyte enthusiasm, and desire to be accepted combined with a certain inevitable detachment. Moreover, he occupied an ideal position for observing the progress of the war: a staff officer at Brigade Headquarters, on intimate terms with Lord Raglan, he was none the less sufficiently near the fighting line - unlike most of the "gilded staff" - to win a very good V.C. He could range apparently at will to any part of the allied lines; and he lived - most inestimable of comforts in the purgatory of cholera and mud before Sebastopol - in a dry tent where he could write in comfort. His duties, once the campaign had settled into the tedious rut of siege warfare, involved little beyond keeping his elderly and querulous brigadier alive; and we can trace as the letters proceed the lowering of spirits and the disillusion of the gay young - and gay old - blades of the staff as they realised that war was not only bloody but boring, and that it was making demands on their forethought and administrative ability which they were quite unable to fulfill. "We don't want nice gentlemen, swells about Clubs, out here but young, active, intelligent men, who know what a soldier is and what he wants." We know from French military historians how appalling was the confusion and general *débrouillage* with which our allies conducted their campaign; but to Clifford, in comparison with the British, they seemed paragons of efficient administration and professional ability.

The letters are illustrated by sketches of a really astounding virtuosity. An artistic father had fostered in Clifford a talent for painting precise and pretty water colours of a type usually found in sketch-books of the Grand Tour; and this, without any modification, he applied to delineating the ghastliest details of battlefield scenes, with results comparable only to the more terrifying works of Callot. He spares us nothing of charnel horror, either by brush or pen. There was nothing emotional about Clifford's approach: it was all part of the trade of war to which he had dedicated himself. As for us, it is perhaps salutary to be reminded that war was horrible even before 1914.

MICHAEL HOWARD

In Future Issues

Kingsley Martin on Driberg's Beaverbrook
R.H.S. Crossman on Redbrick and the Twentieth Century
Sir George Thomson on Atomic Energy
Osbert Lancaster on Curzon the Traveller
V.S. Pritchett on Maurois' Victor Hugo

WEEK-END COMPETITION

No. 1,357

Set by Tom Bowling

Mr. Krushchev has announced that the Communist Party proposes to set up boarding-schools in Russia, for the first time since the days of the Czars, "to produce good leaders". The usual prizes are offered for a letter of application for a post in one of these schools from Dr. Arnold, Miss Prism, Mr. Squeers, Miss Buss (or Miss Beale), Captain Grimes, Mr. Chips, A.S. Neill, or Stalky's Mr. King. Limit, 150 words; entries by March 13.

Result of No. 1,354

Set by Giles Overreach

The usual prizes are offered for an unprovoked attack by Lucky Jim on Mr. W. Somerset Maugham. Limit, 200 words.

Report

An entry crammed with gleeful iconoclasm. Psychologically, Mr. Amis's hero acted with a powerful liberating effect upon competitors, who waded in brandishing their tomahawks and making every kind of rude face. Most preferred to follow the Lucky Jim of fiction:

> "Put up a pint for the old codger," I told him, "It's my birthday."
> I lifted my glass and made my Gooring face into it. This involves inflating the cheeks until the eyes protrude and the blood pressure rises, and then exploding in a rude noise something like the word 'oulture'...

Some, however, modelled their criticism on that of Lucky Jim's creator - Len Jokhioo, for example:

> I first read Somerset Maugham in a Sunday newspaper, when he was discussing Balzac; and I must say, for a journalist I thought he wasn't half bad ...

Three guineas to Edward Blishen for a really outstanding bounderism, two guineas to John Wilcox, and half-a-guinea each to Trooper Jones and Bernard Smith.

> Making his Sunday Times book reviewer's face (which tended to merge with his ape imitation) Dixon bent over the sheet of paper. Belching slightly, he wrote, "The Influence of Somerset Maugham on the Modern Novel," and then used his ball-point pen to deal with an itch in his ear. For one frightful moment he found himself actually thinking of Somerset Maugham. His stomach turned over at the thought of that professional story-teller forcing neat little stories to happen wherever he went. Was there anywhere he hadn't smoothly arrived - was there any place he hadn't milked for its ten-page "little masterpiece of narrative"?
>
> Suddenly Dixon touched his toes three times with his forehead, howling like a hyena, and dashed to the telephone. "Is that Claridge's?" he piped a minute later in his Central Asian voice. "Maugham? Willie?" He scratched a buttock gleefully with the split toe of his left shoe. "You just listen this, Mr. Mum. Here come story you ain't never told. I tell you it." He broke off and clucked like a hen for thirty seconds, timing himself by his watch. "You sure miss plenty stories on account of you no come Afghanistan," he shrieked.
>
> EDWARD BLISHEN

> Immediately after Christine left the flat to go shopping, Dixon padded into the kitchen in his carpet-slippers to look for the remains of the quart of light ale he had brought back the previous evening. Searching unsuccessfully through a platoon of cobwebbed empties, he noticed a book lying on the draining-board.
>
> "Cakes and Ale". What the hell's it doing here, he wondered. Anyone would think it was a cookery book. He looked at the fly-leaf and read: "Happy Christmas, darling - Bertram". Feeling a wave of vitriolic bile rising in his intestines, he leaned down and started to knock the empty bottles about. Where was the bloody ale, anyway. Ashenden, he thought, Sadie Thompson, the Reverend bloody Davidson - they should all walk a rusty razor's edge in the rain. Somerset Maugham. Why not Middlesex Maugham? Straightening himself, Dixon aimed a toe-shattering penalty kick at the bottles and caught sight of himself in the mirror. His eyes had become hostile beads; his lips arched back over his teeth like tightly drawn elastic; his jaw jutted alarmingly; his cheeks were hanging in great folds. He realised that he had unconsciously assumed his Cynical Old Businessman-Novelist's face.
>
> JOHN WILCOX

> On Myrtle's tumbled bed was a book called "On a Chinese Screen". He picked it up and read: "I do not blame the working man because he stinks, but stink he does". Jim dropped the book and jumped on it. It made his hands look hairy.
>
> Then he made his Man of the World face.
>
> "Le Grand Monde," he muttered, "Le Haut Monde, scrawny flesh and no devil. Or sneering in the old plantation among thin, bitchy women. Like Myrtle. And the yellow faces shot to pieces with whisky. But at least they do something, not just tell sarky anecdotes with a cool, dry laugh and sensitive nostrils. And the South of France. And the West End. And cocktails with Coward."
>
> He made his Graham Sutherland face and began tearing some bed-linen.
>
> "Half-educated medico," he said, as he tripped over the chamber-pot.
>
> Sprawling in the ruins he made his Hairless Mexican face at the hateful book.
>
> "You don't care," he whispered, "That's your trouble, you just don't care."
>
> TROOPER JONES

> He took a red Biro from his pocket and started to fill up the wrinkles in the photograph on the front page of the Radio Times. "Pompous old pundit!" he jeered, "Toffee-nosed twerp!" and he made his monkey face at the photograph as if to reflect the mandrill-like features it was beginning to assume. Then, changing his mind, he took out his blue Biro, rounded the cheeks of the portrait, covered up the eyes, modified the shape of the nose, and finally filled up the remaining spaces in blue and red, so that the picture took on the likeness of the hindquarters of a baboon.
>
> BERNARD SMITH

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Burly Edgar John Luff took his secretary - married woman - on holiday to France.

They shared the same room - and committed misconduct, a judge said yesterday. But since they got back he has been deducting £1 a week from her salary to pay for her share of the accommodation.

"News Chronicle". (C.M. Arnott)

Police called at a Barnsley hotel yesterday and stopped a cabaret show as three dancers wearing grass skirts were performing a "hula-hula" dance. As the dancers left the stage the 200 customers hissed and booed at the police and started to sing hymns.

"Manchester Guardian". (W.M. Marckwald)

The coroner (Mr. W. Bentley Purchase) recorded an open verdict. He said, "In many years of experience I have made the observation that if a woman is going to commit suicide she rarely takes her handbag."

"Evening Standard". (J. Cooke)

Because some people objected to the emotional dance, which is supposed to send watchers into a trance, the Queen and the Duke were shown it for only eight minutes.

"Daily Mirror". (D.S. Rice).

THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

THE CHILD, THE MYSTIC AND THE LANDLADY

The Society for Education Through Art in organising their annual exhibition of "Pictures for Schools" and in persuading local Educational Authorities to buy extensively from this show, are obviously performing a very useful function. Their aim is not to turn children into aesthetes but, far more sensibly, to try to see to it that children are brought up with new, original pictures which they notice and discuss, around them. The problem of public taste and the visual arts in this country is not one of what dreary pedants call Bad Taste: the problem is that the majority of people never look with any personal interest at any paintings or soulptures at all because they have been led to the conclusion - quite understandably on the whole - that such works as do exist have nothing to say to them. To encourage children to be interested - on their own terms - in pictures, is to tackle this problem at the beginning.

Yet as a by-product of their principal aim, the S.E.A. also achieve something more. They put on the most encouraging mixed exhibition of the year. I do not mean by that that they necessarily show the work of the most lively artists - they certainly could, but for some unsound reason or other many of our best artists, despite the unusually high chance of selling, don't submit any works. No, what I mean is that, because the works included have been submitted and chosen according to a criterion of pleasure and human interest instead of a self-conscious one of Art, the show - this year at Whitechapel - seems as gay and normal and compelling to the stroller-by as a street market. The other day a deeply serious painter wrote to me in the same vein as Van Gogh used to write:

> "Oh that each town, each village had a little public art gallery where the inhabitants could enjoy good, strong lively pictures of themselves, their cows, their pigs, their children, their whole environment - and maybe buy a picture for the price of a shirt or a pair of shoes. What do you think - sane or mad?"

It may seem mad at the moment, but until it seems sane art will remain a luxury trade or a hobby to which a few dedicated artists, who deserve better, will tragically sacrifice their lives. However, the course of world history, the spirit of that letter, the example of this present exhibition, suggest that such sanity can be striven for now.

None of this means that artistic standards of imagination and truth do not matter. On the contrary, they only matter when they can be applied in a broadly imaginative and real context - as in this exhibition. Here it seems far more practically worthwhile than usual to point out how beautiful Betty Rea's terracotta group of three girls is - rather like a Renoir but with feminine understanding taking the place of male wonder: or to mention Peter Peri's model of two girls spinning round like Mercuries, Prunella Clough's "Motor Cyclist" - the clutch-hand a bit weak but the identity of man and bike well established - Norman Town's sun-striped painting of a zebra, Hogarth's amused drawing of Chinese children, M.E. Ward's large colourful machine embroidery of two Jamaicans (price £25), Shirley Stone's fabric collages of fishing quays, John Sewell's tempera of a youth's siesta, Colin Allen's Welsh valley - the white washing sudden as the eyes in a coal-smeared face - or Charles Burton's picture of two girls scurrying home in the gas-fire dusk of winter.

There is also a small photographic section recording in situ soulpture commissioned for schools. Hertfordshire and Leicestershire particularly deserve congratulations here for resisting the argument that art is automatically a luxury - as do also Peri, Benjamin Franklin, Jonzen and Soukop for proving that it isn't. Another soulptor eminently suitable for such commissions would be George Fullard.

Cecil Collins (Leicester Galleries) is an entirely introspective artist. His figures borrow a little from Picasso and rather more from Tarot cards and medieval psalters, but they owe nothing to observation. The problem for such an artist, unless dedicated to an organised religion, is to find themes which can prevent him sinking into repetitive autobiography. The visionary can either retreat into himself or else, like Blake, embrace the world in his own vocabulary. To Lavater's aphorism: "The fool separates his object from all surrounding ones; all abstraction is temporary folly", Blake significantly added, "Uneasy, because I once thought otherwise but now know it is truth." In most of his works Collins retreats and separates, giving his pictures only superficial conviction by the most skilful calligraphy and texturing. But in two of his large paintings he has found themes which allow his imagination to expand, and it is interesting that in these the forms themselves are far less thin and brittle. His "Christ before the Judge" is a powerful interpretation of the struggle between the Armed and the Meek. His "Voice" - a painting of a head appearing in the waves - is less specific in meaning, but compelling because, like Lawrence's "Ship of Death", it employs universal, proverbial images. Terry Frost's abstracts at the same gallery are well fed with appetising colours but suggest no reason why they should be so kept alive on the level of mere sensation.

Norman Adams (Rolands) is also a visionary artist but concerned with heaviness, light, rocks, horizons, in the spirit of Old Testament landscapes (and de Staël), rather than with cryptic signs. As in his previous work, his general sense of drama prevents him from being sufficiently particular. Each mass or cavern is convincing enough (painted broadly in sombre, rich colours) but the transitions between are fuddled. Dead sheep and distant hills both exist in volume and have weight but are interchangeable. His vision is like the "rubber" dream one has between waking and half-sleeping. In one canvas however - "Within The Trees" - he suggests what he may achieve. Here the dense foliage makes a cup of forest-aired space, the light catches the top lip of it, paths penetrate between the trees either side, and everything in its hooded way is so firm that, with the foreground figure, one can drain it to the last - though the effect of the potion is somewhat depressing, and I must admit that after these two twilit exhibitions I found the couple of Matthew Smith still-lives at Tooths - each with a great floral landlady of a jug in it - an affirmation of a world which I find far richer, more populated and more mysterious.

JOHN BERGER

MAGNANI THE MAGNIFICENT

She is back, and the moments seem wasted since we saw her last. Oh I know, the cinema doesn't need great actors. It can get along, and even be most itself, without them. It discovers its "naturals", it directs them, lights and photographs them, edits them, and the resulting performance is less than a quarter that of the actor. That is one way. The Great actor persists in another. Chaplin found nothing fresh in films except that they could give us Chaplin. On a street corner, dawdling against a rush hour, gazing in at the steamy window, there he would be. The new element for genius is the crowd. Out of it comes Anna Magnani and back into it she goes, having shouted loudest, given most passion to ugliness, made such a spectacle of herself - of which, if we were neighbours, we might well complain - as reduces the whirl of Cinerama to a donkey ride.

That the vehicle, as they say, for her art should be this time a play by Tennessee Williams, adapted by himself to the screen, is our good fortune. "The Rose Tattoo" (at the Gaumont) gives her all she needs in a part that first plunges into tragedy and then works its way up through glowering thickets to comedy of a bright order. This is, in fact, the progression of the film itself, which substantiates an anecdote of a widow enshrining the fallible memory of her dead husband in the rose tattooed on his chest. It vibrates with oddity and life, its most preposterous details ring true, and quick alternations enable the author - and the actress - to slip in those touches of poetry to which a much enlarged screen may (but does not here) prove inimical. Magnani, with her Sicilian English, does superbly. Her hands, no less than the words that at last come fearfully,

grasp the tragic moment when they come to tell her of her man's death; and those hands afterwards work to buckle her into stays, which will split our sides if not hers. She never drops from her own high level of comedy, though the redeeming lover (Burt Lancaster), having tried to ingratiate himself with a rose on his chest and let the whisky get into his legs, plays the buffoon rather too thoroughly. The director, Daniel Mann, could have done better. So far as Magnani is concerned he tends to cut the tragic scene short and overspill the romp. However, she triumphs, in a play that fills the screen without staginess, and that is the main thing. And when, and in whose hands, shall we see her again? Such vitality as hers should act as a magnet on the various talents that must join in film-making. I only hope that it will and that her money-making possibilities will not swamp all.

Another American stage play, directed by its stage producer, Joshua Logan, sets out to capture the eye with its slice of life. In the case of "Picnic" (at the Odeon) the play is nothing like as good as Tennessee Williams's, and its merits lie chiefly in its screen excursions. The picnic itself, which occupies a good middle-third of the picture, if fun: not a picnic as you or I would think of it, but as Mr. Butlin might. The whole town goes out on Labour Day to the woods and waterside to enjoy its fling. Fathers have to become seals and lie in rows with little sticks in their mouths to catch rings; the weight-lifter raises a girl high on one hand; quartets harmonise; babes howl and dogs rush in at one hatch of picnic-hampers and out at the other; there are parties round swings, flasks are lifted behind the cover of coats, shadows lengthen, the woodland (which has even at times rung to choruses from the back of the Odeon) grows quiet, and after a fierce glance into the sunset ("It seems as though day were fighting a battle with night - I don't want the night ever to come") the bacchanals shift to the water's edge, where among searchlights and Japanese lanterns a swan boat is seen approaching. "Neewollah! Neewollah!" breathes the enchanted mob: Halloween - we are told, so as not to miss anything - in reverse. Beauty lands, a new Queen is crowned, the dance bands get going in the night. It is all laid on thick, but then the Americans like laying it on thick, even at breakfast, and this fascinating jumble of regimentation and heart-throbs may soften anyone who with another eye may have been learning about Tuscaloosa.

It has been funny and pretty, but dramatic as well; and here the floorboard echoes of the original sound strangely; Miss Rosalind Russell acts like mad - and the trees don't look right; there is one earnest little face, Susan Strasberg's, that breaks through convention, a real Technicolor end.....No, screen actors should resign themselves to not acting, unless - like Magnani - they can blaze in black and white.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE TWO OTHELLOS

It was a bold experiment to alternate the Othellos and Iagos of Richard Burton and John Neville at the Old Vic. If a points decision must be awarded to Mr. Neville, Mr. Burton produced some effective strokes.

The idea holds within itself the seed of its own downfall. The qualities that go to make up Othello and Iago are not mutually interchangeable. Where the Moor is open and honest, the Ancient's honesty is facile, crumbling, barely glossing his features till the characters are out of sight and he can turn again to the audience and propound the next twist to his villainy. Where Othello is noble, Iago finds no level too low to stoop to. Othello is gracious, Iago crude in manner; yet the Ancient's speech is subtle as a serpent, while the Moor speaks simply, direct from the heart. Othello stands for human goodness, Iago for diabolic inhumanity.

Mr. Burton's Othello possessed many of the necessary characteristics, but he lacked the more particular attributions of majesty, assurance and command. Great dignity he had, but it was more of simplicity than a nobility which could say "I fetch my life and being from men of royal siege". The great inherent defences of Othello against the wiles of Iago are not so much abandoned as never erected. Instead Mr. Burton relies on sweet reasonableness. It was as though he assumed that he had but to state his point of view quietly, unexcitably, matter-of-factly for us to give him justice. He appealed to us as a court of law. Yet if Mr. Burton overplayed the realism, he strengthened belief in the quiet reflective passages. Here he allowed the poetry to sing.

As Iago, Mr. Neville was a symbol-devil, always in the ascendency. Quick as a wasp, crew-cropped, lithe and leathery, a barrack-room lawyer, toughened in war and dirty deeds, he had an instinctive delight in plotting the downfall of his betters. Where the following night Mr. Burton's Iago was an evil man, Mr. Neville's was an evil being. His malignity steeped from his depths: his humanity's contribution was only to mask the evil in the face of the world. Each gesture, each facial impulse, every nuance of voice was Janus-mode. Mr. Burton did not attempt this at all. He was consciously, almost self-consciously, evil; each action seemed thought out, contrived. Fate was not at his elbow. The sense of inhuman forces moving, through him, against Othello was lacking. His frank, realistic approach which had culled from his Othello moments demanding sympathy gave his Ancient the appearance of a college freshman revenging himself for a "hazing".

Not that Mr. Neville's Othello would be such a senior. His distinction and breeding were too apparent for that: it was just his quality of precise dignity rather than of magnificence which prevented him completely snaring our sympathy. His commencement was as subdued as Mr. Burton's but he stepped up the power of his Moor until at his sudden revulsion for Iago he unleashed a torrent of rage and horror as might arise in the breast of one noble and at the same time trustingly credulous. If only his strength, his integrity, had lasted! If only he had trusted his instinct! Mr. Neville is not gifted with Mr. Burton's melodious voice, but his stricken, weeping pathos as he spoke of his last love for his wife were most movingly uttered.

The rest of the cast is brisk and serviceable. Mr. Anthony White's Cassio, dull-seeming on the first night, had become by the second more of a bluff honest, if rather schoolboyish, lieutenant; Miss Rosemary Harris's Desdemona was attractive and sympathetic and Miss Wendy Hiller's Emilia a ribald, roguish, but not vicious, creature.

MICHAEL CRAMPTON

"La Péri", at Covent Garden

In 1843 "La Péri" was composed as an oriental fairy tale by Theophile Gautier, with a harem, an eastern gentleman weary of earthly pleasures and a love-lorn péri. Now, for the Sadlers Wells Ballet company, Frederick Ashton has arranged a pas de deux in a different key, but with something of the same basis. The hero steals a lotus flower from a sleeping péri, at which she jumps up and attempts to regain it. Because the hero lusts after the fairy and forgets his immortal longings, he loses the fairy, the flower and his own life, or so it is explained in a long programme poem. The actual dance consists of the tussle for the flower: Dame Margot Fonteyn a fierce, irritated péri; Mr. Somes a haggard, urgent lover. After a dull opening, this ballet achieves a nervous tension and a feeling of anger that are new in Mr. Ashton's work. La Péri's complicated and sensitive twitchings are like those of a beautiful insect in a fury but, taken as a whole, the choreography is too much a vehicle for the ballerina alone. Michael Somes is on the stage all the time, working away, but it is donkey work. He is not one to convey an emotional development from immortal longings to immortal lust, so that his sole function seems to be that of an excellent lever for Margot Fonteyn. The costumes, by André Levasseur, are exquisitely jewelled; the scenery, by Ivon Hitchens, is handsomely splodgy, but unsuited to an eastern romance: it invokes a teutonic gloom. The colours are of mat browns and greens that do not show up the bright, spikey figures of the dancers. It is the set for quite another ballet.

ANNABEL FARJEON

CORRESPONDENCE

TORY PROSPERITY

Sir, - The only sections of the community who will be hurt by Mr. Macmillan's dearer bread and milk policy are those which are already suffering hardship under Tory "Prosperity". I am no economist, only a housewife; but it seems to me that there is something radically wrong when the relation between wages and prices is such that a family can no longer exist on the husband's basic wage. The much talked prosperity exists only where there are several wage-earners in one household, or where the husband is working excessive overtime. My husband is a railway clerk. We live in a council house, we have two children. For a considerable time we have had to rely on overtime for all our clothing and household replacements. Now we have to spend at least ten shillings overtime money each week on necessities - rent, food, fuel and electricity. We neither drink, smoke, do "pools" or visit the cinema. I cannot take a job as my children are too young. Many mothers have to - and the children suffer. They suffer also if father has no time at home to share their interests.

If this is Tory Prosperity, give me Cripps's austerity!

12 Beaconfield Way, JOAN CLIFFE
Epping, Essex.

PRISON CHAPLAINS

Sir, - An interesting review by Mr. Wildeblood in "The New Statesman and Nation" of February 18 concerning the reminiscences of a prison chaplain gives cause to think. The chaplain in question must be of the most reactionary type and one can only hope that his views are not typical. Evangelism of a somewhat crude order allied with highly conventional views upon crime and punishment provide neither the sociological approach of a modern humanist nor the traditional attitude of the Christian church, but merely the curious amalgam which passes for Christianity among the less educated middle class groups of Protestant origin within a capitalistic society. The churchman concerned with the social traditions of his church has as much right to complain about this approach as has Mr. Wildeblood. At the same time, one point is wholly ignored. Prison chaplains are appointed by the Prison Commissioners. Applications for appointment, so far as I know, have to be made direct to this authority and the chaplain appointed is merely licensed to officiate by the local diocesan bishop. Two essential changes might be suggested if prison chaplaincies are to be made focal points of valuable social work. The Prison Commissioners should be urged to regard the older type of emotional evangelist as inadequate for an important sphere. Advice by the church authorities concerning individual personalities considered for this office should have an authoritative force. In view of the many local and parochial appointments where sociological gifts are required, I am inclined to think that diocesan authorities would perform their task with a more delicate understanding than does a merely official body. In any case, reform of the chaplaincies should lie along the lines of detaching the chaplain from a position where he is, in practice, merely one of the general establishment set up to deal with the punishment of crime.

27 Campden Hill Road, F.H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT
W.8.

BALLOONS

Sir, - As Mr. Ivor Montagu implies in your issue of February 18 anti-Communist propagandists would have no need of such methods as balloons if they were able to purvey their wares in Communist countries with the same freedom that Communists do theirs in the non-Communist countries. And Mr. Montagu might well have thought himself safe in abusing the balloon, under the delusion that Communists do not make use of this form of propaganda. But if he turns to the "Daily Worker" of November 19 1948, he will find the description of the launching of larger numbers of "Peace Balloons" with a range of over 300 miles which, presumably, endangered aircraft and civilians over a large part of Europe. Hadn't he better stick to germ warfare?

38 Hill Street, W.1. WILLIAM PEEBLES

ENTERTAINMENTS

ROYAL Court. SLOane 1745. Evgs. 8. Sat. 5 & 8. Thurs. 2.30. "The Threepenny Opera".

UNITY. Sartre's "Nekrassov". Fri., Sat., Sun. at 7.15. Members only. EUSton 5391.

ARTS. TEM.3334. 7.30 (ex. Mn.) St. Sn. 5, 8. "Waltz of the Toreadors". Mems. 10s. ½ yr.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Sunday afternoon, programmes of Art & documentary films. At 2.30 and 4 p.m. on March 4, 11, 18 and 25, 1956. Printed details sent on application to Curator.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT.3232. Saturday, March 3, James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, in "Angels with Dirty Faces" (A). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

BRITISH Premiere of a great new Czechoslovak Film, "John Huss", story of the leader of the famous Hussite Movement. Magnificent colour, spectacle, drama. Scala Theatre, Sunday, March 18 at 7 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. from British Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont Street, S.W.1.

EVERYMAN. Ham.1525. Clair Season. Until Mar. 11: "An Italian Straw Hat" (U). Chaplin in "Champion Charlie" (U).

ROXY Repertory Cinema. RAY.2345. March 4, "Les Enfants de l'Amour" (X).

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat. Mar. 3. 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltones Members 3s. Guests 5s. Membership invited.

EXHIBITIONS

IMPERIAL Institute S.W.7. Australian Artists Association Exhibition. Until April 2. (Closed Good Friday). Admission free. Mon.-Fri. 10-4.30, Sat. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Monday-Friday. Admission free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork Street, W.1. Alan Reynolds "The Four Seasons". 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes March 24.

EXHIBITIONS - Continued

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street. Elegance and Sophistication: Painting at the Courts of Fontainebleau and Prague. 10-5, Sat. 10-1.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. "The Seasons", C.A.S. Exhibition at the Tate Gallery, March 1 until April 15.

LECTURE COURSES & SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge Residential Courses on "Science in the Modern World", a Survey Course of modern scientific development for teachers and students at Madingly Hall, Cambridge, March 31-April 7, 1956. Fee for the Course, including cost of residence at Madingly Hall, £6.10s.0d. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Board of Extra-Mural Studies, Stuart House, Cambridge.

TEACHERS for Peace Open Conference. At Denison House, 2.30 on March 3, and Holborn Hall, 2.30 on March 4. Speakers: Miss M.F. Adams, O.B.E., M.A., and Mrs. Leah Manning. "The Teacher's Role in the Promotion of International Understanding". Admission 2s.6d.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., E.C.2. MON. 2433. Four lectures on "Tale of Genji" will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Richard Hughes Esq., O.B.E., on Mon. to Thurs., March 5 to 8. Lectures are free & begin 5.30.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "The Development of Historical and Religious Thought in Russia in the 16th and 17th Centuries" will be given by Professor W. Philipp (Free University of Berlin) at 5 p.m. on March 6, 8 and 13 at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, Univ. of London, W.C.1. Adm. free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled "Ancient Khorassia: Soviet Excavations in Central Asia" will be given by Professor S. Tolstov (Corresponding Member, Academy of Sciences of U.S.S.R.) at 5.30 p.m. on March 5, 7 and 9 at the Institute of Archaeology, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, N.W.1. The lectures will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket.

EXHIBITIONS - Continued

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

NATURAL History, Biology & Medicine. An Exhibition of recent publications from China, Germany, Great Britain, Poland, the U.S.S.R. and other countries. Collet's Gallery, 45 Museum Street, London, W.C.1. March 6-31. Week days 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Free.

TEN Years of British Architecture '45-'55. An exhibition of photographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes March 7. Mons. Weds. Fris. Sats. 10-6, Tues. 10-8. Admission 1s.

I.C.A., 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Willi Baumeister Memorial Exhibition. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Sculpture by F.E. McWilliam till March 9.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. First London Exhibition, Michel Ciry - Paintings and Drawings. Opens March 7.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent paintings by John Minton. Daily 10 - 5.30. Saturdays, 10-1.

ARCHITECTURE in Australia. R.I.B.A., 66, Portland Place, W.1. Till March 24. Mon.-Fri., 10-7, Saturday, 10-5. Admission free.

HALINA Halecz: paintings from March 7. Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St., W.1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, Soho, W.1. Paintings by Henry Miller (author of "Tropic of Cancer") daily. 11-6.

MATTHIESSEN Gallery: The Work of Curt Herrmann (1864-1929). Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until March 24. 142 New Bond Street, W.1.

WOMEN'S International Art Club Annual Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture, Chenil Galleries, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.3. (next to Chelsea Town Hall). Exhibition open daily from 10-6 (including Saturdays) until March 13. Tuesdays and Thursdays 10-8. Admission 1s.

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ROSTROPOVITCH. The S.C.R. present for the first time in England Russia's Finest Cellist with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, con. Hugo Rignold. Programme includes Dvorak's Cello Concerto, Tchaikovsky's 4th Symphony. Saturday, March 3, at 8 p.m., at Royal Festival Hall, WAT.3191. 15s., 12s. 6d, 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d.

FREUD Centenary Lectures: Friends Hse., Euston Road, London, N.W.1. April 15, Mrs. M. Milner, "Psycho-Analysis and Art". April 17 Dr. D.W. Winnicott, "Psycho-Analysis and the Sense of Guilt". April 24, Mr. R.Money-Kyrle, "Psycho-Analysis and Philosophy". April 27, Dr. E. Jaques, "Psycho-Analysis and Social Problems in Industry". May 1, Dr. J.Bowlby, "Psycho-Analysis and Child Care". May 8, Miss I. Hellman, "Psycho-Analysis and the Teacher" Tickets 4s. each or one guinea for the series at the door or in advance from the British Psycho-Analytical Society, 63, New Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

THE Chinese Theatre - Illustrated with film & slides. Speakers: John Chinnery, Michael Halliday, Peter Townsend. Chairman: Miles Malleson. Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq., W.C.1. Thurs., March 8, 7.30 p.m. Arranged by The British Drama League and Britain-China Friendship Assoc. Tickets 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d. from B.C.F.A., 228 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

THE Atomic Age - Perspectives and Problems. Science for Peace public conference. Speakers: D.G. Arnott, J.D. Bernal, F.R.S., J.B.S. Haldane, F.R.S. 2 p.m. Sat. March 10 at Holborn Assembly Hall, John's Mews, W.C.1. Details from 72 Donegall St., S.W.8.

I.C.A. 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues. Mar. 6, 8.15 p.m. Illus. lecture: "The Humanistic Element in Contemporary Art" by Henry Roland. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Membership invtd.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, W.8. Sunday March 4, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham: "The Dimensions of Human Existence".

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. at 6 p.m. March 10. Herr H. Linton: Das deutsche Lied.

BASIL Spence speaks on Coventry Cathedral with lantern slide illustrations. (Arranged by Finsbury Art Group). Finsbury Public Library, Skinner Street, (nr. Finsbury Town Hall Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1.), Tues. Mar. 6, 8.15. Non-members 1s. 6d.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br., Friday March 9, 8.30. Mr. P.D. Cornwell, "Yugoslavia" (illustrated). 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2., off Leinster Terrace.

PERSONALIST Group. Public lecture at Conway Hall, Thursday, March 8 at 7.30 p.m. R.S.W. Pollard on "Should Voluntary Euthanasia be made Lawful?"

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. PARk 7379. Fri. March 2, 8 p.m. Kyril Zinovieff, "Chaadaev". Fri. March 9, 8 p.m. Evening of Slavonic Music by young artists.

J.F. Horrabin: "The Middle East - Past and Present". Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Road, N.W.11. nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. Sun. March 4 at 7.15.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30, March 4 King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. nr. Bond St. Station. Discourse, John Ferraby "Baha'is and the Most Great Peace".

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Wed. March 7, 6.30; "The Path to Enlightenment - III. Buddhist Ethics", Ven. Dhammasiri Mahathera. Read "The Middle Way" 2s. 6d. quarterly. Infm. 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1., EUSton 3894. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56.

YOGA. Talks every Sat. 2.30. March 10: "From Shadow to Substance." Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

DUBLIN Debating Society requires members. Box 2724.

EASTER & SUMMER SCHOOLS

THE State of the Party. Fabian Easter School at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, March 29 - April 2. Speakers include: James Callaghan, Kingsley Amis, Sydney Silverman, Sir Frank Soskice, W.J.P. Webber, Roy Jenkins and John Biggs-Davison. Details: apply Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

UNIV. of Birmingham. Easter Study Tours. Greece: Antiquities and Art. By air, £98. Italy: Art & Architecture, rail & coach, £49. France: Cathedrals. By coach, £38. Germany: Industry, by air, £45. Dets. from Extra-Mural Dept., The University, Edmund St., B'ham., 3.

BRITAIN, Past & Present: Easter Festival at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AUSTRALIA - University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in History. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,200 - £A1,740 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£A26 men, £A20 women), and with annual increments of £A80. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Preference will be given to a candidate with qualifications in the classical history of Greece and Rome. As the appointee may also have to undertake some teaching in other branches of history, candidates are invited to state their qualifications in subjects other than Ancient History. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W. C. 1. Closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is March 10, 1956.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for an appointment in October 1956 to an Assistant Lectureship in Social Anthropology. Salary scale £800 x 50 - £700 per annum, with superannuation benefits & family allowances. In assessing the starting salary, due consideration will be given to age and experience. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be received not later than 13 March 1956 by the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London, W.C.2., from whom further particulars may be obtained.

RUDOLF Steiner School. Upper School Maths & Science teacher required. Box 2680.

THE National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs req. junior shorthand-typist for interesting work in Publications & Education section. 55 Gower St., W.C.1. MUS.9944.

EXPD. sec./sh'hand typist, start after Easter. Full dets. age, exp.: R.M. Stephenson, Solicitor, St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT - continued

WOMAN Tutor required for September 1956 in women's residential college for adult education (South London) to teach two of the following subjects: Psychology, Philosophy, History, Economics, Art History. Resident post: good honours degree and teaching experience, preferably with adults, essential. Salary: Burnham Further Education scale with teachers' superannuation. Forms of application and particulars from Secretary, Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey. Closing date for applications March 12.

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